

Mr. Biddle Badly Battered.

Society Pugilist Put Out in Four Rounds by "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien Before the Most Fashionable Audience Which Ever Saw a Quaker City Prize Fight.

Dazed by a terrific right hander to the jaw, A. J. Drexel Biddle was defeated by "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien in the fourth round of what was to have been a five round "go" in the casino of the Merion Cricket club before a crowd of more than 9 thousand members of the best Philadelphia society.

Barely able to stagger through the third round, the young Philadelphia society man came up for the fourth round hardly able to stand, and the round had not been on half a minute when the professional sent over the blow that ended the fight.

Biddle did not fall, but O'Brien, seeing that he could stand no more punishment, turned and playfully punched the referee, William B. Ropap, who thereupon stopped the fight.

For the first round the amateur forced the fighting. He acted on the aggressive and drove O'Brien all around the ring, while the immense crowd stood on their chairs and belloved cheers. Had the bout been stopped at the end of this round the decision must have been awarded to Biddle.

But the tremendous effort which he put forth exhausted the amateur, whose training had not been rigorous enough to withstand the strain of a finish fight with a veteran of the ring.

When Biddle came up for the second round he was winded. O'Brien took things easily and did not force the fighting.

The third round was a farce, but

been whetted by a fast and exciting wrestling bout between Bob Foywell, intercollegiate wrestling champion, and J. K. Dwyer, center rush on the university football team, a wait of a few minutes ensued. Precisely at 10:15 o'clock O'Brien entered from the wings and jumped over the ropes.

The professional was clad in a gorgeous bathrobe and green tights. The reception which the crowd gave him must have wiped out in his mind many a storm of hisses which have greeted his appearance within the last few years.

But the reception accorded O'Brien seemed mild to the cheers which rolled out when Tony Biddle entered a moment later. He was clad in blue tights, with a red sash. Men stood upon their chairs and cheered, while Tony smilingly bowed his acknowledgments for the ovation.

Biddle started off like a whirlwind. By fast body blows and nimble footwork he seemed to surprise O'Brien. Within two minutes, as the society man continued to land blow after blow, the audience was in an uproar. The round ended with Biddle having had much the best of it on points, although O'Brien did not look worried and went to his corner laughing.

Biddle received an ovation that lasted almost until the bell rang for the second round. Men who came expecting to see a sparring exhibition began to think a real fight was on the cards. But at the beginning of the second

Homewood's Belligerent Bunny

Pennsylvania Town Has a Rapacious Rabbit Which Whips Dogs and Has to Be Muzzled.

B. S. Jones of Homewood, Pa., has been compelled to fasten a steel muzzle on his giant rabbit to prevent it from tearing to shreds the trousers of mischievous schoolboys, and he has had to chain it down with a ring in its nose, like an angry bull. And he is no competitor of Professor Long for nature faking honors.

The rabbit is universally accorded the virtues of modesty and gentleness and in the experience of most persons is easily frightened and timid. But we will let Mr. B. S. Jones tell his own story:

"When I first got possession of my lepus," he says, "I kept him in the chicken coop. But he raised rows with half a dozen big game roosters, and one after another he took their measure. It was great to watch him fight a rooster. As the cock closed in, striking and pecking, the big rabbit drew back from the circling spurs and, watching his chance, shot his long hind foot with its sharp toenails out and up in a regular cross counter that sent the rooster sprawling on his side three feet away.

"But it is in fighting dogs that this wise old cottontail displays almost human resource and stratagem. He picks a quarrel with every cur he sees, swats

him in the eye and then runs at break-neck speed, with the dog in hot pursuit. When he reaches a favorable place the cottontail slackens speed until the dog approaches; then he leaps into the air, turns a back somersault, lands squarely on the dog's haunches and sinks his teeth into his body and is off again like the wind. He repeats this programme until the dog is beaten outright or quits from exhaustion.

"Finally the schoolboys began tossing snowballs at bunny. He took up the deft at once. Rushing at one big lad, he nipped the calf of his leg and was away before the boy saw his stocking was tinged with crimson. He chased a whole crowd of boys down Valonia street one day last week, leaping into the air and tearing their trousers. Many of the youngsters now walk around three blocks in the rear to get to the schoolhouse, and at the request of neighbors I bought a steel wire muzzle and strapped it securely on the rabbit. At night I take this off and let him run loose in the yard at the end of a long chain, which is attached to a ring in the rabbit's nose. He broke every other manner of confining him, and it was found necessary to insert a fine gold ring in the nose cartilage."

Grandma Kept the Beacon Bright

While Stamford Lighthouse Keeper Tossed About in Tiny Launch on Stormy Long Island Sound His Seventy-year-old Mother Stood at His Post.

Putting from the rock ribbed lighthouse off Stamford, Conn., in only a half gale, John J. Cook, the keeper, called a merry adieu to his old mother, and she waved cheerily back. They had reason to be glad, for the wife of the lighthouse keeper had recovered sufficiently from a dangerous illness to be able to be with her husband again.

That was early on Thursday evening, and the speedy little launch should have made the trip to the Connecticut mainland and back to the lone rock on which the lighthouse stood in about one hour, bringing the convalescent wife along.

"Remember the light, mother!" John called jokingly as the little launch settled in the stern and took a bone in her bow under the eight horsepower engine. It was long before twilight and hardly a chance that he wouldn't be back before dusk with the wife and

were drifting past Oyster Bay by that time, and darkness was gathering, and never was the sound in so unruly a mood—bad night on the sound without a harbor light, and so cold!

Then across the foam crested waves shot a twinkling, saving bar of white from the faroff Stamford lighthouse.

"Thank God!" murmured the shivering keeper.

"That's grandma," murmured the invalid wife sleepily from her comfortable coverings.

It wasn't long until they hit the rip, where the tides meet coming up from the bay and rushing in from Montauk point. The sea anchor wasn't much good in that swirl, as it was white-capped as a tidal wave, but the launch rode well, and Cook bailed and bailed and told his uncomplaining wife it was all right, which she knew it was when he said so. So the dangerous rip swirled and beat back the tide and carried



WAVING AN IMPROVISED FLAG.

mother who had been so sadly missed in the lone lighthouse, so close to the mainland, yet so far away, in its rigid, cold stone lines, only made out clearly from land with glasses.

The invalid was at the pier, with a slight flush in her pale cheeks at seeing her rugged husband again.

"How's grandma?" she asked, and John said fine, and the babies too.

The trip back was like a homecoming, the invalid taking in the free air with expanding lungs of returning health. And they could dimly make out a flutter of white from the lighthouse railing. Grandma was waving all well and a welcome.

Then there came a creak of mechanism, a sharp explosion, and the motor had hopelessly broken down. The boat ground on a rock, and in trying to sheer off Cook broke his only oar.

The tide then was setting in, and the launch drifted into the wild waters of midsound in a wind that had howled into a gale. Ripping off the tiller rope, the lighthouse keeper tied to it and hung out cushions, chairs, rubber coats and even boots for a sea anchor. That gave the boat her head so she could live in the waves. Then Cook piled all the other clothing and tarpaulin that could be spared from the sea anchor over his wife, so she was warm and untroubled, for her husband had said everything was all right.

But what about the light? They

the helpless launch through the uglier sea toward the east again. All night they rode thus, the wife murmuring it was time they were home and then nodding again and Cook bailing out until he could drop and saying a cheery word now and then at a stir 'neath the tarpaulins.

Always and steadily all night there shone for wreck craft or steamer, tow or gale driven schooner, the warning beacons from the rock ribbed Stamford lighthouse pointing the channel way to safety.

At daylight the crew of the Eaton's Neck life saving station saw a bobbing cork out in the sound. Lusty gannets were seen there and in two hours more had towed the broken down launch thirteen miles across the sound to the lighthouse, where the Leacou still gleamed.

A fine little old woman, bent and shaken with that awful night, when she feared and felt her two beloved gone down in the waters, crept down the railing steps of the stony lighthouse.

"I'm glad you are better, dearie," she said, touching a little under the warm embrace of the invalid, who looked on the gray rocks of her light house home as the garden spot of the earth.

"We watched the light, mother," was all John said, but grandma knew and smiled.

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DANGER SIGNAL NO. 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

E. Starton, well known in Florence, S. C., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills helped my back after everything else had failed, and after I had thought that my back was worn out. They made it stronger than it had been for five or six years and seemed to put a new backbone in me. I have had a terrible time with backache which was greatly aggravated by my work and at times I had to lay off for I could not work on account of the acute pains across my loins. I could not begin to tell you all I have suffered. The secretions from my kidneys also bothered me, were very dark in color and contained sediment, being also too frequent in action and annoying me during the day and preventing my resting well at nights. I applied plasters and rubbed my back with liniments but nothing helped me until I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box. They were just what I needed and are the best backache remedy I ever used. I have not had backache since I used them, the kidney secretions are all right, I can sleep all night without having to get up and my back is stronger than it has been for a number of years."

Plenty more proof of this from Orangeburg people. Call at J. G. Wannamaker's drug store and ask what customers report. For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agent for United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve is best for cuts, burns, boils, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Sold by A. C. Dukes; A. C. Doyle & Co.

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A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountain shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spandarians call this shrub which the doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Dr. J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co.

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"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded at J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co's drug store. 25c.

Senator Tulman continues to improve and he and his friends are much encouraged.

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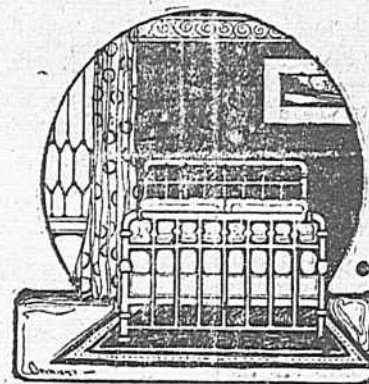
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Orangeburg, S. C.

"Souses" Source of Separation

Millionaire Howard Gould Accuses His Actress Wife of Imbibing Intoxicants by the Bucketful.

According to the records in the Gould versus Gould divorce case, a capacity for unlimited amounts of the stuff that cheers and inebriates is the sine qua non of position in New York's smart set. Howard Gould in his petition asking for a divorce from his wife, formerly Katherine Clemons, alleges at Castle Gould in the latter part of August and early in September, 1905, his wife would drink daily a quart of brandy in addition to champagne, other wines and cocktails.

In the latter part of 1905, Mr. Gould says, his wife would generally drink two or three cocktails before breakfast or luncheon or whatever happened to be her first meal and then during the meal would drink a pint of white wine and in the afternoon several brandy cocktails. As the time for dinner approached, he adds, she would drink two or three more cocktails, after dinner a cordial and a brandy highball as a nightcap just before bedtime. In addition to this, he adds, Mrs. Gould

kept in her boudoir bottles of brandy, gin and other liquors, which she would drink during the night and day.

Mr. Gould further alleges that soon after Mrs. Gould returned from Palm Beach in 1905 she went in an automobile to the home of friends in West Eighty-seventh street while intoxicated and assaulted her hostess and severely bit, scratched or in some manner lacerated her arm and also attacked or threatened to attack some of the other female guests at the entertainment referred to.

Shortly thereafter, the affidavit continues, the plaintiff was found in the cellar or basement of the house leaning against the wall with her hair, hat and costume disarranged. Plaintiff fell or lay down upon the concrete floor of said cellar or basement and was finally induced to leave, being assisted to her automobile and carried to the St. Regis hotel, where the plaintiff and defendant were then sojourning.

Northern capitalists have established a \$150,000 shoe factory in Fayetteville, N. C.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out, free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by Dr. J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co.

The "good old summer time" is about here, as witness the shirt sleeve brigade.